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THE REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF MARGARET MORRIS, OF BURLINGTON, N. J., DECEMBER 6, 1776, TO JUNE 11, 1778.

Introduction.

Margaret (Hill) Morris, the author of the following Journal, was the eighth child and sixth daughter of Richard Hill, of South River, near Annapolis, Maryland, and his wife, Deborah Moore, a granddaughter of Thomas Lloyd, the friend of William Penn. Richard Hill was a physician and also a trader (shipping merchant). Through bad debts, and losses at sea, tradition says by privateers, he became greatly embarrassed, and to mend his fortunes, moved (1739) to Funchal, Island of Madeira, entered into the wine and commission business, was very successful, and paid his old creditors principal and interest. He returned to America in 1761, his wife having died a short time before he sailed, and he himself died not long after his arrival in Philadelphia.

On going to Madeira, the parents left six of their children including Margaret, then about two years old, to the care of their daughter Hannah, not sixteen years old, but already the wife of her cousin, Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, of Philadelphia. It was under the care of this sister and her husband that Margaret Hill was brought up. How well it was done the after lives of this young group testify. This sister, Hannah, had no children of her own.

Margaret Hill was born in 1737, and was married in 1758 to William Morris, Jr., a descendant of the first Anthony Morris, who came to Pennsylvania in the time of William Penn. William Morris was a drygoods merchant in Philadelphia. He died in 1766 leaving three children to whom was added a posthumous child, making four children under the age of seven for the young mother to bring up.

William Morris was not able to leave his family more than moderately well provided for, and in 1770 Margaret Morris moved to Burlington, New Jersey, to make her home with her sister Sarah who had married George Dillwyn. Her youngest sister,

Milcah Martha Moore (married to Dr. Charles Moore) was at this time also residing in Burlington. Margaret Morris lived in the house on Green Bank fronting on the Delaware, which had been occupied by William Franklin,[1] Governor of New Jersey. This house is the scene of the incidents related in the Journal.

In addition to other accomplishments, Margaret Morris had a very considerable knowledge of medicine, and really practiced medicine, doubtless one of the first women in America to do so. It is related of her that at one time she had thirty patients with smallpox.

Into the further life of Margaret Morris it is not possible to enter. It is sufficient to say that it was one of great beauty and usefulness. She died in 1816 aged seventy-nine.

The "Revolutionary Journal," kept for the amusement of her sister, Milcah Martha Moore,[2] is a fragment. Fifty copies were printed in 1836 for private circulation only, and it was again printed for private circulation in John Jay Smith's "Letters of the Hill Family," 1854. The original "Journal" is now in the possession of Haverford College. As the manuscript is considerably worn and the paper fragile, it has been thought advisable to reprint it in the BULLETIN for preservation. The text here given is taken from that in the "Letters of the Hill Family," carefully compared with the original and corrected in accordance with it, with the exception of the punctuation which is irregular and sometimes wanting altogether. The spelling is in a few instances slightly modernized, but the proper names are given as they are written and any corrections are put in brackets or in notes. In John Jay Smith's text there are many slight differences

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[1] William Franklin was the illegitimate son of Benjamin Franklin. It was never disclosed who his mother was, but he was brought up in his father's house and well educated. He was appointed Governor of New Jersey in 1762. He became a British sympathizer and was arrested in 1776, was imprisoned for two years, was finally exchanged in 1778, and went to New York. He removed in 1782 to England, where he remained the rest of his life.

[2] Dr. Charles and Milcah Martha Moore had removed to Montgomery Square, Pennsylvania.

and additions, and some omissions; with a single exception [3] these latter are unimportant and in no way alter the sense. In every case the reading of the original has been restored. Where possible, full names are given in the notes for the initials in the text.

The Journal.

Dec. 6, 1776. Being on a visit to my friend, M. S. at Haddonfield, I was preparing to return to my family, when a person from Philadelphia told me that the people there were in great commotion; that the English fleet was in the river, and hourly expected to sail up to the city; that the inhabitants were removing into the country; and that several persons of considerable repute had been discovered to have formed a design of setting fire to the city, and were summoned before the congress and strictly enjoined to drop the horrid purpose. When I heard the above report, my heart almost died within me, and I cried, surely the Lord will not punish the innocent with the guilty, and I wished there might be found some interceding Lots and Abrahams amongst *our people*. On my journey home, I was told the inhabitants of our little town [Burlington] were going in haste into the country, and that my nearest neighbours were already removed. When I heard this, I felt myself quite sick; I was ready to faint. I thought of my S. D.,[4] the beloved companion of my widowed state—her husband at a distance of some hundred miles from her; I thought of my own lonely situation—no husband to cheer with the voice of love my sinking spirits. My little flock, too, without a father to direct them how to steer. All these things crowded into my mind at once, and I felt like one forsaken; a flood of friendly tears came to my relief, and I felt a humble confidence that He who had been with me in six troubles, would

[3] This will be discussed in a later note. There is little doubt that the journal was copied in manuscript, and some of the variations in J. J. Smith's text would indicate that he may have used a copy rather than the original.

[4] Margaret Morris's sister Sarah (1738-9-1826), who married George Dillwyn in 1759. He died 1820.

not forsake me now. While I cherished this hope my tranquillity was restored, and I felt no sensation but of humble acquiescence to the Divine will, and was favored to find my family in good health on my arrival, and my dear companion not greatly discomposed, for which favor I desire to be truly thankful.

Dec. 7. A letter from my next neighbor's husband, at the camp, warned her to be gone in haste, and many persons coming into town to-day, brought intelligence that the British army were advancing towards us.

Dec. 8. Every day begins and ends with the same accounts, and we hear to-day that the regulars are at Trenton. Some of our neighbors gone, and others going, makes our little bank [5] look lonesome. But our trust in Providence is still firm, and we dare not even talk of removing our family.

Dec. 9. This evening were favored with the company of our faithful friend and brother, R. W.[6] This testimony of his love was truly acceptable to us.

Dec. 10. To-day our amiable friend E. C.[7] and her family bade us adieu. My brother also left us, but returned in less than an hour, telling us he could not go away just as the Hessians were entering the town; but no troops coming in, we urged him to leave us next morning; which he concluded to do after preparing us to expect the Hessians in a few hours. A number of gallies have been lying in the river, before the town, for two days past.

Dec. 11. After various reports from one hour to another of light-horse approaching, the people in town had certain intelligence that a large body of Hessians were come to Bordentown, and we might expect to see them in a few hours. About 10 o'clock in the morning of this day, a party of about 600 men marched

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[5] Green Bank on the river Delaware.

[6] Richard Wells (of England), who married Margaret Morris's next eldest sister, Rachel (1735-1796).

[7] Esther (Hetty) Cox.

down the main street; as they passed along, they told our doctor [8] and some other persons in the town, that a large number of Hessians were advancing, and would be in town in less than an hour. This party were riflemen, who, it seems, had crossed the river somewhere in the neighborhood of Bordentown to reconnoitre, and, meeting with a superior number of Hessians on the road, were then returning, and took Burlington in their way back. From us they crossed to Bristol, and by the time they were fairly embarked, the Hessians, to the number, as we heard, of 400 or 500, had passed what we call York bridge. On the first certainty of their approach, J. L.[9] and two or three others thought best, for the safety of the town, to go out and meet the troops. He communicated his intention to one of the gondola captains, who approved of it, and desired to be informed of the result.

The gentlemen went out, and though the Hessian colonel spoke but little English, yet they found that, upon being thus met in a peaceable manner on behalf of the inhabitants, he was ready to promise them safety and security, to exchange any messages that might be proper with the gentlemen of the gallies. In the meantime he ordered his troops to halt; they remained in their ranks between the bridge and the corner of Main Street, waiting an answer from on board. J. L. and T. H.[10] went down to report what had passed, and told Captain Moore that the colonel had orders to quarter his troops in Burlington that night, and that if the inhabitants were quiet and peaceable, and would furnish him with quarters and refreshment, he would pledge his honor that no manner of disorder should happen to disturb or alarm the people. Captain Moore replied that, in his opinion, it would be wrong in such a case to fire on the town, but that he would go down and consult with the commodore, and return an answer as soon as might be. While this answer was waited for,

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[8] Dr. Jonathan Odell. He was an Episcopal clergyman, and as such had taken the oath of allegiance to the crown. He was true to his oath, and so was reckoned as a Tory. Before he became a clergyman he had been a physician, and continued to practice to eke out his small salary.

[9] John Lawrence.

[10] John Lawrence and T. Hulings.

Dr. Odell was told it would be a satisfaction both to the Hessian commandant and to our own people, to have a person who could serve as interpreter between them. Not doubting the foreigner could speak French, the doctor went to him, and he had the satisfaction to find it probable, at least, that he might be of service to the people of the town. The commandant seemed highly pleased to find a person with whom he could converse with ease and precision.

He desired the doctor to tell the gentlemen of the town to the same purport as above, with this addition: that he expected there would be found no persons in the town in arms; nor any arms, ammunition, or effects, belonging to persons that were in arms against the king, concealed by any of the inhabitants; that if any such effects were thus secreted, the house in which they were found would be given up to pillage; to prevent which it would be necessary to give him a just and fair account of such effects, which account he would forward to the general, and that if we acted openly and in good faith in these respects, he repeated his assurances, upon the honor of a soldier, that he would be answerable for every kind of disorder on the part of his troops. They remained in profound silence in their ranks, and the commandant, with some of his officers, came into town as far as J. L.'s, where they dined, waiting the commodore's answer.

The doctor says that as he thought he observed much of the gentleman in the commandant, and the appearance, at least, of generosity and humanity, he took an opportunity to inform him that there was an old friend [of] his (the doctor's) who was a colonel, and of some estimation, in the continental army; that he was at present with General Washington, and that his lady, an amiable woman, had gone into the country with most of her effects; that the doctor was ignorant of the place of her retreat, but that before her departure she had begged him, on the footing of former friendship, to take into his house, and if he might be permitted to keep as under his protection, some few things which she could not remove, and told the commandant he was ready to give an exact account of such of her effects as he had thus taken charge of; and at the same time confessed that when he took

them, it was in the hope of being suffered to preserve them for his friend. The commandant told him without a moment's hesitation: "Sir, you need not be at the trouble of giving any further account of those things you have so candidly mentioned; be assured that whatever effects have been intrusted to you in this way I shall consider as your own, and they shall not be touched." From this answer, he was encouraged to hope he might be of still further service to his friends, and in the full persuasion that nothing would occur to disconcert the peaceable disposition that was making; but, as it happened, the commodore had received intelligence of a party of Hessians having entered Burlington before Captain Moore got down to him, and had ordered up four gallies to fire on the town wherever any two or three persons should be seen together. Captain Moore met and hailed them one after another, but the wind was so high that he was not heard or not understood. The four gondolas came up, and the first of them appearing before the main street J. L., T. H., and W. D.[11] went down upon the wharf and waved a hat—the signal agreed on with Captain Moore for the boat to come ashore and give the commodore's answer in peace. To the astonishment of these gentlemen, all the answer they received was first a swivel shot. Not believing it possible this could be designedly done, they stood still, and J. L. again waved his hat, and was answered with an 18 pounder. Both these fires, as the gondola people have since told us, were made with as good aim as could be taken, as they took it for granted it was at Hessians they fired. However, as it was impossible to conjecture that such conduct could have happened, or to suspect such a mistake, 'tis no wonder the town was exceedingly alarmed; looking upon it in the light of a cruel as well as unprovoked piece of treachery. Upon this news, the commandant rose calmly from table, and his officers with him went out to eight or ten men, who had come to the door as a small body-guard. He turned to the doctor, as he went into the street, and said he could easily dispose of his people out of the possibility of danger, but that much mischief might be done to the town, and

[11] William Dillwyn, who married a sister of John Smith, of Burlington.

that he would take a view of the gondolas, and see what measures might be necessary on his part; but that he should be sorry to be the occasion of any damage or distress to the inhabitants. He walked down the street, and sent different ways three sentinels in Indian file together, to view and report to him what they saw.

These being now and then seen at different times, induced the people on board to believe that the houses were full of Hessians, and a cannonade was continued till almost dark, in different directions, sometimes along the street, sometimes across it. Several houses were struck, and a little damaged, but not one living creature, either man or beast, killed or wounded. About dark the gondolas fell down a little way below the town, and the night was passed in quiet.

While all this tumult was in town, we, on our peaceful bank, ignorant of the occasion of the firing, were wondering what it could mean, and unsuspecting of danger, were quietly pursuing our business in the family, when a kind neighbor informed us of the occasion, and urged us to go into the cellar as a place of safety. We were prevailed on by him to do so, and remained there till it ceased.

Dec. 12. The people of the gallies, suspecting that some troops were yet either concealed in the town, or neighborhood of it, have been very jealous of the inhabitants, who have often been alarmed with reports that the city[12] would be set on fire; many have gone in haste and great distress into the country, but we still hope no mischief is seriously intended. A number of men landed on our bank this morning, and told us it was their settled purpose to set fire to the town. I begged them not to set my house afire: they asked which was my house, and they said they knew not what hindered them from firing on it last night, for seeing a light in the chambers they thought there were Hessians in it, and they pointed their guns at it several times. I told them my children were sick, which obliged me to burn a light all night. Though they did not know what hindered them from firing on us, I did; it

12 "City" here may mean Philadelphia; Burlington is always spoken of as the "town."

was the guardian of the widow and the orphan, who took us into his safe-keeping, and preserved us from danger; oh that I may keep humble and be thankful for this as other favors vouchsafed to my little flock.[13]

Dec. 13. This day we began to look a little like ourselves again. The troops were removed some miles from town, as we heard, and our friends began to venture out to see us; but the suspicions of the gondola men still continued, and search was made in and about the town for men distinguished by the name of Tories. About noon of this day, my dear R. W. popped in upon us; he had heard the firing yesterday, and being anxious for our safety, he run the risk of venturing amongst us to see how we had fared; surely this proof of his love will never be forgotten by me while my memory lasts; he left us after dinner.

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[13] In "Letters of the Hill Family," there is the following letter of Margaret Morris to her youngest sister (page 402), Milcah Martha Moore, which may well be given here, as it was written at the same time.

Burlington, Dec. 12, 1776.

Although I have but a few moments to write, I have sat down to tell my beloved sister how it fares with us. We are, to our own amazement, still favored with calmness, while all around is confusion and terror; what cause of humble gratitude to the preserver of men, for it is a favor unexpected by us.

We went to bed last night without fear, trusting in the arm that has hitherto shielded us, although the gondolas lay just before our door, and the report of an intention to fire the town in the night had reached us about 9 o'clock, and our good uncle W. sent down and begged us to come with the whole family up there; and in turning it in my own mind, I got a little unsettled; but when I had concluded to stay where Providence had placed me, and trust in him alone, my mind received the answer of peace; and in that peace I went to sleep, and awoke in the same. Oh! may I be truly thankful.

This morning a galley, with a great many men, and a number of boats, came ashore at our wharf. I ordered the children to keep within doors, and went myself down to the shore, and asked what they were going to do. They said to fire the town if the Regulars entered. I told them I hoped they would not set fire to my house. "Which is your house and who are you?" I told them I was a widow, with only children in the house, and they called to others and bid them mark that house, there was a widow

Dec. 13.[14] This day we began to feel a little like ourselves again; there was no appearance of the formidable Hessians. Several [of our friends] called to see us; amongst the number was one [Dr. Odell], esteemed by the whole family, and very intimate in it; but the spirit of the devil still continued to rove through the town the shape of Tory-hunters. A message was delivered to our intimate friend, informing him a party of armed men were on the search for him; his horse was brought, and he retired to a place of safety. Some of the gentlemen who entertained the foreigners, were pointed out to the gondola men; two worthy inhabitants[15] were seized upon and dragged on board.

From the 13th to the 16th, we had various reports of the advancing and retiring of the enemy; parties of armed men rudely entered the houses in town, and diligent search was made for Tories; the two last taken released and sent on shore, some of the gondola gentry broke into and pillaged Rd. Smith's house on the bank. (Mem°. To give a more particular account of the

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and children, and no men in it; "but," said they, "It is a mercy we had not fired on it last night; seeing a light there, we several times pointed the guns at it; thinking there were Hessians or Tories in it; but a hair of your head shall not be hurt by us." See how Providence looks on us. Then they offered to move my valuable goods over the river, but I pointed to the children at the door, and said; "see, there is all my treasure, those children are mine," and one who seemed of consequence, said: "Good woman, make yourself easy, we will protect you."

Now, though I place no confidence in the arm of flesh, yet I have abundant cause for humble gratitude, that those hardy men did not treat me roughly. I can write no more—my letter is called for. May God in whom we trust, preserve you and us.

Anna has been confined to the bed all day yesterday, and Willy [Gulielma Maria Morris, afterwards Smith] has returns of her fever. When the firing became heavy yesterday, we went into the cellar, having heard it was safer than above stairs, and poor Anna was so terrified that she threw her clothes on her and went down stairs, and seeing no one in the house, thought we had fled; and to-day, though she cannot hold up her head, she will be down. Adieu, my dear sister; we join in love to all.

I am ever thine M. M.

[14] This is an error in the MS., it should be Dec. 14.

[15] One of these was Richard Smith.

manner by and by.) About noon this day [16th] a very terrible account of thousands coming into town, and now actually to be seen on Gallows Hill; my incautious son [16] caught up the spy-glass, and was running toward the mill to look at them. I told him it would be liable to misconstruction, but he prevailed on me to allow him to gratify his curiosity; he went but returned much dissatisfied, for no troops could he see; as he came back, poor Dick [17] took the glass, and resting it against a tree, took a view of the fleet; both of these were observed by the people on board, who suspected it was an enemy that was watching their motions. They manned a boat and sent her on shore; a loud knocking at my door brought me to it; I was a little fluttered, and kept locking and unlocking that I might get my ruffled face a little composed; at last I opened it, and half a dozen men all armed, demanded the key of the empty house. I asked them what they wanted there; they said to search for a d—d Tory who had been spying at them from the mill. The name of a Tory, so near *my own door*, seriously alarmed me, for a poor *refugee*, dignified by that name, had claimed the shelter of my roof, and was at that very time concealed, like a thief, in an auger-hole; [18] I rung the bell violently, the signal agreed on if they came to search, and when I thought he had crept into the hole, I put on a very simple look, and cried out, "Bless me, I hope you are not Hessians." "Do we look like Hessians?" asked one of them rudely. "Indeed, I don't know." "Did you ever see a Hessian?" "No,

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[16] John Morris. [17] Her son, Richard Hill Morris.

[18] The "poor refugee" was Dr. Jonathan Odell. "In an auger-hole." The auger-hole was a secret chamber, entered from a room at the end of a long entry, through a closet, whose shelves had to be removed and the back pried open with a knife. Admission was then given into a chamber having no light save what crept through the chinks in roof and walls. The bell was hung in the room outside near the closet, communicating, by means of wires through the winding hall, with a knob just inside the front door. This bell, therefore, might be rung 'violently' before opening the door, without alarming outsiders, giving the 'refugee' time to conceal himself before the long entry could be traversed. Jonathan Odell finally escaped to England, where he remained a number of years before he dared return to his family." A. M. Gummere, *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 8, 164.

never in my life, but they are *men*, and you are men, and may be Hessians, for anything I know; but I'll go with you into Col. Cox's house, though indeed it was my son at the mill; he is but a boy, and meant no harm; he wanted to see the troops."

So I marched at the head of them, opened the door, and searched every place, but we could find no Tory; strange where he could be. We returned—they greatly disappointed—I, pleased to think my house was not suspected. The captain, a smart little fellow, named Shippen, said he wished he could see the spy-glass. S. D.[19] produced it, and very civilly desired his acceptance of it, which I was sorry for, as I often amused myself in looking through it. They left us and searched J. V.'s [19] and the two next houses, but no Tory could they find. This transaction reached the town, and Colonel Cox was very angry, and ordered the men on board. In the evening I went to town with my refugee, and placed him in other lodgings. I was told to-day of a design to seize upon a young man in town, as he was deemed a Tory. I thought a hint would be kindly received, and as I came back, called upon a friend of his, and told him. Next day he was out of reach of the gondolas.

Dec. 17. More news! great news! very great news (J. V.'s). The British troops actually at Mount Holly![20] guards of militia placed at London and York bridges; gondola men in arms patrolling the streets; and diligent search making for firearms, ammunition and Tories; another attempt last night to enter into R. Smith's house. Early this morning J. V. sent in [to] beg I would let my son go a few miles out of town on some business for him. I consented, not knowing of the formidable doings up town; when I heard of it I felt a mother's pangs for her son all the day; but when night came, and he did not appear, I made no doubt of his being taken by the Hessians. A friend made my mind easy, by telling me he had passed through the town where the dreadful Hessians were said to be "playing the very mischief" (J. V. again); it is certain there were numbers of them

[19] Sarah Dillwyn; J. V., James Verree.

[20] Mt. Holly is distant about seven miles from Burlington.

at Mount Holly, but [they] behaved very civilly to the people, excepting only a few persons, who were actually in rebellion, as they termed it, whose goods, etc., they injured. This evening every gondola man sent on board, with strict orders not to set a foot on the Jersey shore again. So far so good.

Dec. 18. This morning gives us hope of a quiet day; but my mind still anxious for my son, not yet returned. Our refugee gone off to-day out of the reach of gondolas and Tory hunters—much talk of the enemy; two Hessians had the assurance to appear in town to-day; they asked if there were any rebels in town, and desired to be shown the *men of war;* what a burlesque on *men of war!* My son returned to-night, and to his mortification saw not one Hessian, light-horse, or anything else worth seeing, but had the consolation of a little adventure at York Bridge, being made to give an account of himself as he went out yesterday, his horse detained, and he ordered to walk back to town and get a pass from General Reed; this he readily agreed to, but instead of a pass, Colonel Cox accompanied him back to the bridge, and Don Quixote, Jr., mounted his horse, and rode through their ranks in triumph. Two field-pieces said to be mounted at Bristol.

(To be continued.)

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY REQUEST FOR A MEETING.

The following document is from the George S. Gibson collection of Quakeriana, and was copied by permission, many years ago, from the original, which is most carefully written, with heading adorned with many flourishes.[1]

As no meetings of the names given exist to-day, the resuscitation asked for, if granted, was not lasting. South Mimms is about fifteen miles north of London on the road to St. Albans

[1] As the Gibson collection was acquired by the Friends' Reference Library, Devonshire House, London, the original document doubtless will be found there.

from which it is distant about five miles. Endfield or more usually Enfield, is now considered a suburb of London. It is about eight miles southeast of South Mimms. The Enfield rifle, long a well-known weapon, was manufactured near by. The literary associations of Enfield are interesting. Charles Lamb resided there from 1827 to 1833, and the poet Keats, and the novelist Captain Marryat were educated there.

But this district has special interest for students of Quaker history, particularly of George Fox. "In this locality George Fox found not only his peaceful retreats, but also one of his most successful fields of service." "Many of his richest and most influential adherents had their country residences in the district, . . . and hither would he often come, especially in his later years, to escape from incessant labor and recruit his exhausted frame in rural homes that were always ready to receive him." [2] It was at Waltham Abbey in 1654, Fox tells us, that he held a meeting, "but the people were very rude, and gathered about the house and broke the windows, whereupon I went out to them, with the Bible in my hand, and desired them to come in, and told them I would show them Scripture both for our principles and practices." [3] . . . It was at Waltham that Fox, thirteen years later, "advised the setting up a school there for teaching boys . . . for instructing them in whatsoever things were civil and useful in the creation." [4]

It was at Enfield (or Endfield) that Fox spent the winter of 1667 at the house of Elizabeth Dry; and that "all that winter" (of 1670-1671) he "lay . . . warring in spirit with the evil spirits of the world that warred against truth and friends." [5] Many incidents in early Quaker history are clustered in this region north of London. Of Waltham, Epping, South Mimms, Chipping Barnet, Winchmore Hill, Enfield, Flamstead End, and Totten-

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[2] Beck and Ball, *London Friends' Meetings*, p. 295.

[3] *Journal*, Bicent. ed., 1, 213.

[4] *Journal*, Bicent. ed., 2, 89.

[5] *Journal*, Bicent. ed., 2, 132, 135; Brayshaw, *Personality of George Fox*, 23, 42, 65, etc.

ham meetings, only Epping, Winchmore Hill and Tottenham remain, the two latter being part of Tottenham Monthly Meeting, and the former belonging to Ratcliff and Barking. The total membership of the three meetings being (1918) 227.

To the Monthly Meeting at Endfield.

Dear Friends South Mims

This is to acquaint you, it being a desire of severall Friends in these parts, to have a first day Meeting In the Parish of South Mims on y^e^ same day that Minsmerhill [6] meeting is established amongst us. And that not without substantial Reasons for the Same. First, because there is a considerable party of Friends which are not able to visit any meeting on that day, As being so far distant. Secondly, neither can we justly blame them for their neglect, upon consideration of y^e^ distance they are y^t^ day from any of our Assemblies; which if our request might be Answered, It is our generall opinion would very much conduce to y^e^ credit, & honour of y^e^ Truth we profess; which thing we ought to have respect unto. Thirdly, there hath been some Antient and Elderly Friends with others, y^t^ have visited y^e^ meetings so far; as have proved detrimental to them as to their health, as some have been sick & out of order afterwards, and others have almost fainted at their entrance, so y^t^ y^e^ meeting hath not been so profitable to them, as otherwise it might have been. And other wholsom reasons as might be instanced; However to be short in y^e^ matter, we desire you would take things into good consideration; And assist us in our former Priviledge which we once before enjoyed.

So hoping you will be for y^e^ furtherance and Propagation of so good a design, which is by us intended; And at y^e^ request of severall is now presented to the consideration of this Meeting and Assembly. So this with y^e^ subscription of our names, And with consent of severall others; whose names are not here inserted have thought fitt to present you with all:

THOMAS LEGG MARY LEGG
and fourteen others.

[6] Minsmerhill has not been identified by the editor.

SELLING RUM TO THE INDIANS IN 1687.[1]

At a Quarterly Meeting at Amboy the 31 of the 5 month 1688

The following paper was there read.

From Our Yearly Meeting held at Philadelphia the 7th: of ye 7th moth 1687 [O. S.; Ninth month, New Style].—To the Quarterly Meeting held in the Province of East Jersey.

It being recommended to us from ye Quarterly Meeting of Philadelphia ye great evill and bad effects that has appeared by selling ye Indians Rum or other strong liquors and a paper being by them p'sented wch was read amongst us relateing thereto, wch upon due consideration was approved of & in concurrence therewith wee give forth this following Testimony, being deeply sensible & heartily grieved wth ye abuses of this nature, that is too frequent up & down amongst us, especially in that some that goes under ye profession of Truth (whom it was expected should have been better Examples) we feare is not wholy clear of it, & Therefore we give forth this as our sence That ye practice of selling Rum or other strong Liquors to the Indians directly or indirectly, or exchanging Rum or other strong Liquors for any Goods or Merchandize wth them considering the abuse they make of it, is a thing contrary to ye mind of ye Lord & great grief & burthen to his People & a great reflection & dishonour to ye Truth, so far as any professing it are concern'd. And for ye more effectual p'venting this evill practice, We advise as aforesaid, That this our Testimony may be entered in every Monthly meeting book & every friend belonging to their Monthly meeting to subscribe the same

Signed at and in behalf of the Meeting By

ANTHONY MORRIS.

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[1] From the *Historical Magazine*, New York, April, 1870.

A JOURNEY BY CARRIAGE FROM NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, TO SMITHFIELD, OHIO, 1811.—II.

BY ROWSE TAYLOR.

7th.—We started early crossed the Juniata River to Dennisons, where we obtained a good breakfast, and moved on—met Joseph Allen and Thomas Wilson on their return; this was an agreeable interview having so long seen none but unknown faces; —parting with them we rode on to Bedford, a very considerable village—found at Dillon very good accommodations, which at this time were thrice welcome, Cousin Mary being much fatigued, and undisposed—the country between Bedford and the Allegany, is called Dry Ridge, but why it is called Ridge I know not, for I think we ascended 8 or 10 Ridges—8th we concluded to travel only 12 Miles to a good house on Dry-ridge—we therefore drove on slowly; coming to a flour mill, and having spare time, curiosity led us into that—here we purchased a bushel of Rye Meal for 60 cents, but it proved to be a very dear purchase—for 2 or 3 days after we left Rhode Island, we fed our horses with Meal, and water, but were often puzzled to get Indian Meal, and we soon found that it did not agree with the Sorrel-horse; we therefore changed from Meal to Oats, and made it a uniform practice, to give them as much hay as they would eat all night, and as many oats as they would eat all day; this kept them as strong as Lions: tho' in changing to chopped rye we were guarded, yet not enough so; when we reached Flemings, he had no hay, but a good Clover field, into which he turn'd them; in the evening we fed them with oats, and turned them out again; but when we took them up in the morning (9th) they were lame in every foot, foundered as I suppose by eating too much of the Rye Meal; we bled them in the mouth, and concluded to travel to the foot of the Allegany (12 miles) hoping that moderate exercise would be useful to them; we fed them often, giving them but little at a time; when they were warm, they seemed to be rather better, but after standing a few minutes grew lamer again: we were now in a sad plight—Cousin Mary's health was rather low; I had long been obliged to live on wheat bread, which does not suit my constitution, and had

taken cold the night before, felt through the day, the increasing symptoms of an approaching Billious Fever—however we rode 12 Miles—on arriving at Impress, the horses first claimed our attention; we could get no medicine for them there, but we had furnished ourselves previously with a large quantity of cream of Tartar, Magnesia and rhubarb, with which we fed them very liberally mixing it with chopped Rye and oats) we also gave them a little fresh clover—by this time it began to rain very fast, I was extremely fatigued, and obliged to resign the future care of the horses to Samuel, and the care of myself to Cousin Mary—I took a large dose with the horses; but a pretty high state of perspiration, seemed to be the only means of relief—pass'd a very distressed night; continued in bed, and kept up the perspiration, untill late in the afternoon—the following night rested tolerably, and on the morning of the 11th found myself comfortable, but very weak—Mary's health had rather improved, notwithstanding her indefatigable attention to me—the horses seem'd to be cured of their lameness, or nearly so, but had not yet recovered their strength; and the roads, in many places, were much injured by the late heavy rain—our situation, loudly called for more rest; yet I imprudently, may I not say *rashly* ventured forward, and as before took care of the horses, whether riding or leading, having concluded that if any accident happened, no one should be blamed but myself;—we ascended the Allegany, which is called the backbone of the United States, the road up the mountain was good; and the ascent trifling to people in health; but not so to us—when we reached the top, we found a spacious house, but a woful cross landlady; cousin Mary made me a little milk porridge, and we journey'd on to Somerset, a decent little village—here as usual I drove my coach, up to the door, and like a man of consequence, called for the landlord, he ran out of the house, but instead of coming forward to speak to the driver, he went to the door of the carriage to look for the Master; the man, on discovering his mistake, seemd a little discomposed, and I, a little diverted—12th. As we approach'd Laurel-Hill, we saw the waggoner, who detaind us, on the Cove Mountain; my wife inquired of him, if we had not pass'd the worst part of the road, he replied " No madam,

you are just coming to the Lilly [?] of it—in truth we found it the most difficult place in the whole journey; it is said that no woman ever crossed it without shedding tears; not so, *One did.* In the afternoon we travelled with a friend by the name of John Field, who with his children, and aged Mother were moving to Ohio—with them was Rachel Warrington, who had been on a visit to her friends in New Jersey; she was the daughter of our well-known friend Joshua Evans; and appeared to be a woman of firmness, and capacity; their company was very agreeable to us, and we scrabbled up the hill together—towards night they went a little before us, and with another family put up at Thompsons, on, or near the summit of the hill; movers, who carry their provisions are, in general most unwelcome guests; two family's there, and a third coming, worked up the landlord to a considerable pitch, before we got there; we inquired for house-keeping, lodging, etc. he said he would not engage his beds to movers, he did not know but that travellers on horseback would come, and want them; if they did not, we might have them; I felt not a little irritated, and inquired how long we must set up, to wait for travellers; my wife desired to know, if we went to bed, and travellers came, whether he would expect us to get up, and give them the beds; after much altercation, and invitation, he said we should have the beds; a number of persons had previously called for lodging; when bedtime came, and they were provided for, he had 3 beds left; if we took them our friends (above mentioned) would have none; he in a surly manner told us to divide them as we pleased, which we did, and that night slept *thicker* than *three* in a bed—our friends rose early, and pursued their journey,—we lay late to rest if possible—but in the morning we found the landlord at least 5 per cent better, than in the evening—they prepared us a breakfast, and waited upon us attentively—13th left Thompson's, intending to reach a little village called Mount pleasant, but were obliged to put up, about 3 Miles short of it—soon after we entered the house, an old vagabond came in with a show, who with a few lads, and perhaps a few neighbours, kept up a very great noise untill long after midnight; this very much disturbed my wife for even the sound of a cowbell, the barking of a dog, or the gab-

ling of a goose, would many times break her rest; but I never faild of sleeping, except the one night mentioned—14th Reached Yohogany River [Youghiogheny]—15th Cross'd the Yohogany and Monongahela Rivers, the former we forded, the latter we cross'd in a Flat—16th In the morning found ourselves 21½ Miles from Isaac Manchester's, which we expected to reach before night; but a heavy thunder shower overtook us in the afternoon, the ground being a remarkable slippery clay, and the road hilly, it became very difficult travelling, and night overtook us, before we got there; our directions for finding the house being imperfect we took one horse from the Carriage, which Samuel mounted, and took the Cart road which we supposed led to it; he soon returned, and cousin Isaac with him, bringing a lantern, he led us to his house, where we found Cousin Phebe, who appeared perfectly natural; they treated us with great kindness, and generosity; and we were very happy to find ourselves once more in the house of our friends, this was first day evening—I had not fully recover'd from my Allegany sweat, found my left side very weak, and was sorely affected with my old complaint, the *Spleen*—Cousin Isaac expressing a willingness to accompany me over the River, I staid there untill 5th Day, partly on account of my health, and partly waiting for him to complete some business, he had on hand—we then went down to Wheeling, to Michael Graham's; he and his wife treated us liberally; and the next day he accompanied us over the Ohio River, about 5 Miles to Concord; the first house we entered there, was Samuel Potts, a smart little Englishman, somewhat resembling Uncle Hosier; he had an agreeable wife, and a fine family of Children: he showed us a farm he had for sale, owned by a friend of his. We then went to Wm. Millhouse's and lodged—Wm Millhouse much resembles in language, and manners our late friend John Nadurn; he has a fine daughter (at home) named Jane; sister to Isaac Bonsels wife—here I took the liberty of using Elizabeth Coggeshall's and Mary Morton's names, which I never used in vain—Horton Howard came to see us in the evening, gave us considerable information respecting the country, especially the Miama [Miami], which he had lately visited. I do not who to compare Horton to; he is 42 or 43

years old; his voice rather thin; his stature below the middle size; has a strong, comprehensive, improved mind; a generous heart, and agreeable manners, especially at home; he was raised in South Carolina, near the Sea; has been a tailor if I mistake not—is a public friend [Minister] in esteem—Samuel Potts and Wm Millhouse are from near Philadelphia—the next morning we went a few miles northward, to see a village called Mount Pleasant where friends have a good brick School-House—the School is taught by Rebecca Taylor, daughter of our friend Jonathan Taylor, who was then from home, on a religious visit; she appeared to be an amiabl, accomplished girl—have since become acquainted with her—we dined with a friend by the name of Enoch Harris; meeting with Horton Howard, we returned to Concord—went to see a neighbour of his, who had a farm for sale—then went to Horton's where we staid 3 Nights—found his wife an agreeable woman: the next day being first day, we attended their Meeting—Horton shewed us his fine Merino sheep; he had 3 full-blooded (beside one he had left at Redstone) and a number of half blooded—the Merino's are in credit here—On second day we spent the time in trying to agree for a farm, but fail'd, and return'd to Horton's where we saw two friends from the Miama [Miami]; one of them in particular, thought the country healthy; but he moved from Georgia; from all that I can gather, I am apprehensive that the climate of the southern parts of the State, will not suit New-England people: On third day went 12 or 14 Miles north-ward to a little village called Smithfield; here we staid the first night with William Wood, a public friend, he is *the Wm Rotch* of *Smithfield*:—his oldest daughter is Clerk of the Mo. Meeting; a sensible improved young woman—I have proposed to his oldest single Son, to make a visit to Newport, and get him a wife; I mention this that our Newport young women may see that I am *still* willing to do something for them—but am apprehensive that the proposition came *too late*—The next night we said with an honest friend named James Carr, these two friends, rode round the neighborhood, and shewed us different places, that were for sale—at length we return'd to Hopewell, after a ramble of 8 days all this time Cousin Isaac, was as patient as Job; he is indeed a

very good judge of land, but like the Newport Man, who could find no place in Connecticutt that suited him, except Governor Trumbulls, which he could not get; so I found none, but such as were either too high for my money, or too low for my pride; however, after ruminating on the different prospects, that had presented themselves to my view, Cousin Isaac accompanied me a few miles to see a place, we had seen near Smithfield; on getting the terms I cross'd the River again, and in company, with one, or other, of the two friends (mentioned above) review'd that, and several other places; and finding that we differed in judgment, respecting that, I return'd, and cousin Isaac giving his opinion in favour of purchasing, I finally agreed for the place—It is about [1] Miles from the Meeting house in Smithfield, where Plymouth Monthly Meeting is held; and as level as road, as from Newport to Portsmouth, and 5 or 6 Miles in a line from the Ohio River, but no waggon road direct to the River—it lies in the Township of Warren, County of Jefferson; more than 40 Miles below Pitsburgh—15 or 16 Miles above Wheeling, and 100 from Marietta, but with respect to these distances I do not pretend to be accurate—from the River opposite Charlestown round through Smithfield is 13½ miles, and a good road; but not more than 7 to Warrentown [Warrenton] on the River—I agreed to fifteen hundred and fifty dollars in seven payments the first $900, the second and third, each 100, the fourth 200, and the fifth, and sixth each 100 and the seventh $50—the first payment at the execution of the deed, the others, yearly from the time the bargain was made—viz 7th mo 7th the farm contains 160 Acres—40 or 50 called clear land; but on the part called cleared, there is wood enough to make Newport smile, in a cold day; the buildings are worth little, or nothing; the fences poor; and the place most wretchedly out of order—dont I hear you say? "Rowse has more courage, than good conduct—" the eastern parts of the state is generally very hilly but as we retire from the River, the Country becomes more level—the land I have purchased is not so uneven as most places near the River—I have the liberty of erecting a Cabin, moving on the place, when I please, sowing, etc., etc., but the Tennant con-

[1] This blank is unfilled in the manuscript.

tinues in the old Cabin 'till spring: the place is pretty well watered, and well timbered, with white, and black oak, whited red hickory, white and black walnut, Beach, Sugar Maple etc., etc.—the Butternut is here called white walnut; and buttonwood, Sycamore—we have not stones for wall—timber will soon be valuable, notwithstanding the abundance of Coal in this Country—have not yet discovered any coal on my place—but on the plantations adjoining, it is plenty; I have Limestone in common with my neighbours. All this time we stayed at cousin Isaacs, anxiously looking for our goods, but they come not—I wrote to John Morton, but received no answer—I had engaged 2 or 3 Rooms at Smithfield, and our kind friends Wm Wood and wife offer'd to lend us such things as we should need, untill better provided for. On the 10th of 7th month, we left Cousin Isaac's (where notwithstanding our very long stay, we were treated with the kindness of Bretheren, and the generosity of princes) and cross'd the Ohio River, but a heavy thunder shower overtook us, and the evening being extremely dark, we were obliged to stop 2 or 3 Miles before we reached Smithfield —next morning started early, got there by breakfast time; spent that day with our friends, Wm. and Mary Wood, and the day following commenced house-keeping. We were now in rather an awkward situation; we had to be sure the *grandest carriage* in the Country—but were obliged to borrow chairs to sit in, and beds to lay on this put *even* cousin Mary's *humility* to the Test; I felt for some time, as if my legs were tied; should every day find ourselves in want of something that was indispensable; I must then for *some time* inquire where such things could be had; and spend *more* in riding after it; but this was not *all; parting* with *two* dollars, always hurt me more than *receiving ten*—I spent a great deal of time, in arranging affairs with the Tennant, who appeared to be disposed to make the best of circumstances, favorable to his interest; he had by his lease the right of sowing, one half of the cleared land; this right I wished to purchase, that I might be rid of him, in the spring, as he appeared to be a very indifferent farmer—finally, I gave him 4 fifths of the rent to obtain the privilleges above mention'd—after we had been in Smithfield about 4 Weeks, Cousin Isaac came, and informed us, that our goods were at Washington [Washingtonville] about 35

Miles from us—I immediately took a Waggon, and went after them; he put his horse into the Waggon with mine, and one I hired and went with me—we found the goods in tolerable order, but received no letter—paid 52 dollars for conveying them from Philadelphia (if we had sent some other articles, which we sold low, it would have been to our advantage) it being a very rainy afternoon, we staid at a public house on the road—the next morning we got extremely wet before we got to Cousin Isaac's —the day following he lent me a horse to go home—but for *all* his *patience faild* not—I had not yet received my deed, as the man, I bought of had none—I spent one day in going to Steubenville to examine the records—then again went over the River, and by cross occurrences, spent 2 days in getting the deed staid untill second day—then went to Warrington to get a certificate from the Clerk of the Court; and returned to Smithfield—it was then near the middle of the 8th month—I had previously concluded to engage a very rough piece of land, that had been partially cleared some years ago; the bushes, and vines we dug up with out mattocks, the standing timbers, we first cut down, then by laying one log across another, burnt them into pieces, of a proper length; which with the assistance of our horses, we got into heaps and burnt—the clearing of this field, proved to be a Herculean Task— I hired many days work—yet week stole upon week, until more than 3 months had elapsed; but we had at last the satisfaction of seeing our work completed—we sowed 1 Bushel of Rye, 1 of Barley, and 7 of Wheat—we are now engaged in erecting a Cabin—The Carriage I sold $137½ and took it all out of the purchasers store, which I have been able to turn to tolerable advantage; tho not equal to the money—bought a new waggon, but was not able, untill very lately, to get the right kind of Iron to shoe the wheels—thus my friends may see that I have not been altogether idle—Before I close this long and incoherent scrawl, it seems incumbent on me to acknowledge; and that too under a deep sense of my unworthiness; that since we left Newport, the Hand of Divine Mercy has been often conspicuously displayed before me; that we have not only experienced the *Rod,* but the *Staff* of our gracious Master; and may say *hitherto* the *Lord hath helped us*—

12th mo 2 1811. After getting the Deed of my place I determined to write my friends immediately, but as we had to go 2½ Miles to work, I was too much fatigued in the evening to write; on first day morning, it was with much ado that I could get shaved by meeting time—on first day afternoon, I generally paraded my pens, paper, inkstand etc.—sometimes before, and often by the time, I had written a line, some kind friend would come in to see the strangers; and then my writing apparatus must all be thrown aside—sometimes we must go abroad at all hazards, at another, nothing would satisfy a kind friend, but for us to go and *eat peaches*—It then came a rainy day, I had a waggon, harness, bridles, etc., etc. to make—thus I was driven along, untill the present day, after dinner, seized Time by the forelock, and have been driving the quill all the afternoon, tho' I have had 3 or 4 interruptions this evening—we received two letters faithfully filled from Stephen Gould, which were as grateful to us, as the water brooks, to the hunted hart; shall endeavour to answer them soon: received one from Aunt Hosier, and Cousin Margaret, but the lines were much too far apart to please me; hope they will write closer next time; however we read it again and again; will endeavour to answer it soon—So wide is the circle of my friends, and so strong my attachment to them, that I know not how to mention individuals; but may say that my love to my friends is most *ardent;* and my *pity* for *poor schoolmasters* most *sincere* - - - I have directed this to the care of Uncle Richard as a small token of the gratitude, I owe him for his uniform, and indefatigable attention to my interest, from early life—Cousin Mary's health as usual—her ancle is not troublesome—Adieu.

ROWSE TAYLOR.

Let all my Letters be directed to Charleston on the Ohio River —Brooke County—State of Virginia—

THE END.

Itinerary for last part of the journey. Dennisons (?), Pa., Bedford, Impress(?), *Alleghany Mountains,* Somerset, Thompson's (?), Mount Pleasant, Pa.; *Youghiogheny River, Monongahela River,* Wheeling, W. Va.; *Ohio River,* Concord, Ohio; Mount Pleasant, Ohio; Smithfield, Hopewell (?), Smithfield.

QUAKER BOOKS AND QUAKERIANA IN THE LIBRARY OF HAVERFORD COLLEGE.[1]

The collection of Quaker books and Quakeriana in the Library of Haverford College, Pennsylvania, is, so far as known, the largest and best in America, and is the most useful for the historical or theological student. No other American collection possesses such long lines of Quaker periodicals, both American and British. Of the most important of these there are complete sets. There are also practically complete series of the printed "Minutes" of the Orthodox Yearly Meetings, as well as a few in manuscript, and some of the "Hicksite" Yearly Meetings. There are also Minutes or papers of the "Conservative" Yearly Meetings, and of off-shoots from various Quaker bodies, as "Progressive Friends," Pennsylvania; "Green Plain Friends," Ohio; "Congregational" Friends, New York; the "White Quakers of Ireland," etc. The library's collection of pamphlet literature is very large, both bound and unbound.

The various controversies which have arisen within the Quaker body from the earliest days of the Society to the present, such as the "Wilkinson-Story" (time of George Fox); Hannah Barnard controversy (1798-1801); the "Hicksite" Separation of 1827-1828; the "Beaconite Controversy," 1836; the "Wilburite-Gurney" of a later date; "Anti-Slavery Friends," Indiana, 1842-1843, and others, are impartially and very fully represented.

The collection of Quaker tracts of the seventeenth century is probably unsurpassed in this country. The collection of the late William H. Jenks, of Philadelphia, alone, which was presented by his widow, consists of about 1,500 titles bound separately in full or half calf or morocco; through the generosity of a friend of the college a number of rarities from the library of the late Charles Roberts, of Philadelphia, were acquired, as well as many other titles. Altogether, more than 1,000 volumes, besides

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[1] A considerable portion of this paper has appeared in the *Library Journal*, and is reprinted by permission.

many pamphlets, were secured at the Roberts sale in New York, 1918.

There is also a large collection of Anti-Quakeriana of all sorts and periods, including many volumes of Muggletonian literature. The aim has been to secure as far as possible whatever bears on the history, doctrines, and practices of the Friends, whether by Quakers or not, and whether for or against them.

In addition to printed books and pamphlets there is a considerable number of more or less valuable manuscripts. Among these are seven or eight autograph letters of William Penn, one of which, a letter to the Princess Elizabeth, Palatine, dated 1677, extends to sixteen pages.[2] The Gulielma M. Howland collection contains family letters and papers and other documents ranging from 1677 to about the middle of the nineteenth century, comprising in all several hundred pieces. Many of these are of much interest, among them the original manuscript diary (December, 1777-April, 1778) of Margaret (Hill) Morris, of Burlington, New Jersey, giving details of Revolutionary experiences. This diary heretofore has only been privately printed—50 copies in 1836, and again in "Letters of Dr. Richard Hill" (Philadelphia, 1854, pp. 211-237).[3] There are also in the library several manuscript diaries of minor importance, and a manuscript volume of 212 pages containing copies of some of the papers and letters in the "Swarthmore Papers" at Devonshire House, London.

To indicate the completeness of the collection it may be noted that George Fox is represented by 230 titles; William Penn by 97; George Keith by 53; George Whitehead by 75; Richard Farnsworth by 48; John Lilburne by 23; Francis Bugg by 45; James Nayler by 63; there is a copy of every edition of George Fox's Journal, including the first impression of the first folio (1694) with the leaf afterward suppressed; and most of the editions of Barclay's celebrated "Apology," including the first Latin (1676) and two different impressions of the first English edition (1678); an edition printed 1729, at Newport, Rhode Island, by James

[2] This letter was printed in the BULLETIN, vol. iv, 82-97.

[3] The first part appears in the present number of the BULLETIN.

Franklin, brother of Benjamin Franklin; both impressions of Baskerville's beautifully printed quarto edition, 1765. William Sewel is represented by his History of the Quakers, folio, English edition, 1722; Low-Dutch, 1717,[4] German, 1744, by his "Guide to the Low-Dutch Language," editions of 1700, 1725 and 1760; his quarto, "English-Dutch, Dutch-English Dictionary," editions of 1691 (the first), and 1749 (fourth). These two issues have as a frontispiece a portrait of Sewel sitting in his library.[5]

There are more or less complete collections of the works of John Woolman, Anthony Benezet, Joseph John Gurney, and others. A complete set of the English "Annual Monitor," 1813-1918, one hundred and six numbers; a large collection of the "Disciplines" of the various Yearly Meetings, including all of the earliest period; nearly a complete set of the original folio London General Epistles and of the American reprints; and many of the Epistles issued by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

Among the rarities are Stephenson's "A Call from Death to Life," 1660; "New England's Ensigne," 1659; "Plantation Work in America," by William Coddington, 1662; "Several Epistles Given Forth by Two of the Lord's Faithful Servants Whom He Sent to New England," etc.,. 1669; Bishop's "New England Judged," 1703; George Fox's "Battle Door," 1660; John Bellers' "Proposal for Running a Colledge of Industry," 1696; one of two manuscript copies of George Fox's "Short Journal," the original manuscript of which is in the Friends' Reference Library, Devonshire House, London, and which has never been printed or published.

There was acquired at the Roberts sale, 1918, a volume of Quaker Tracts of the years 1653, 1654, collected by Robert Barclay, the Apologist, with a list of contents in his own handwriting and his autograph. There is also a volume entitled, "Reliquiæ Barclaiana," consisting of lithographed copies of "Letters and Papers by, and relating to the Barclay Family," of which it is

[4] This is the edition containing the hymn set to musical notes, but which is omitted in other editions.

[5] These two portraits differ from each other.

said but 37 copies were issued; and the Poetical Works of John Scott, of Amwell (1795), containing four engravings by William Blake.

Among the manuscripts are three large folio volumes containing "Lives of the Ministers of the Gospel among the People called Quakers," collected from unpublished Memorials, printed sources, and personal knowledge, by John Smith (1722-1771),[6] of Burlington, New Jersey. The number of names noticed is stated by the compiler to be "1287,—887 males, 400 females." These volumes, which are unique, were given to the library by Robert Pearsall Smith, an alumnus of the College, and a great-grandson of the compiler.

Other rarities which might be named are the following: "A Confession of Faith set forth by the Followers of George Keith, [printed by] William Bradford, 1693;" Sewel's "History of the Quakers," printed by S. Keimer, Philadelphia, 1728, folio. Of this volume Benjamin Franklin printed the Index and pages 533-694. It is the first known production of Franklin's press.[7] Franklin speaks of this work in his Autobiography in the following manner:

"Breintnal particularly procur'd us from the Quakers the printing forty sheets of their history, the rest being to be done by Keimer; and upon this we work'd exceedingly hard, for the price was low. It was a folio, pro patria size, in pica, with long primer notes. I compos'd of it a sheet a day, and Meredith work'd it off at press; it was often eleven at night, and sometimes later, before I had finished my distribution for the next day's work, for the little jobbs sent in by other friends now and then put us back." (*Autobiography*, Bigelow's edition, Phila., 1872, pp. 173-176.)

A fine copy of Cicero's "Cato Major," translated by James Logan and printed by Benjamin Franklin, 1744.

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[6] John Smith married October 7, 1748, Hannah, daughter of James Logan, the secretary and friend of William Penn.

[7] Hildeburn, No. 350, 1, 92; Curtis Collection of Franklin's Works, No. 1.

Among the Latin and German translations and originals is Barclay's "Epistola Amatoria nec non Consultoria ad Legatos Magnatum Europae, Roterdami, 1678;" this, concerning the peace of Christians, and the causes of the present war (1677), by Robert Barclay, a "lover of Christian peace," if translated, might be interesting reading at the present time. Other rarities are, a "Broadside," by "Georgius Fox, Britannus *unus eorum qui illusorié* QUAKERE *dicuntur*," and dated AMSTELODANI 20 Octob. 1677, "Epistola hortatoria LEGATIS Magnatum Christianisme, in praesentiarum Pacis componendae gratia Neomagi congressis," supplementary to Barclay's address.[8]

A "Broadside," printed in Latin by Jacob Claus, Amsterdam, 1684, addressed to "Johanna Tertio Regi Poloniae, etc.," on behalf of the persecuted Quakers;[9] also a number of Quaker tracts in German, printed in Amsterdam, ranging from 1675 to 1684, some of which have not been translated into English, and are not recorded by Smith in his Catalogue of Friends' Books.

Among the interesting objects are a plaster cast of Silvanus Bevan's ivory medallion bust of William Penn; an original oil portrait of John G. Whittier by Bass Otis (1837);[10] also a fine copy of a small (2½ inch square) unpublished colored sketch of Whittier at the age of 23, painted by Elizabeth B. Brown, of Burlington, New Jersey.

Among the Anti-Quakeriana are many curious, and some scurrilous books and tracts. Among the books is the huge folio volume of 1,200 pages, "Anabaptisticum et Enthusiasticum Pantheon und Geistliches Rust Hauss wider die Alten Quacker und Neuen Frey-Beister, etc. [von D. Scheider (?)] Im Jahr Christi 1702." This volume gives several hundred pages to an attack on the Quakers, singling out for special notice James Nay-

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[8] This Epistle in English will be found in Fox's Journal, Bicent. ed., 2: 298. "Neomagi is Nimwegen in the Netherlands," where the celebrated peace of 1678 was negotiated by the ambassadors whom Fox and Barclay addressed.

[9] English translation. Fox, Journal, Bicent. ed., 2, 422.

[10] An etching of this portrait forms the frontispiece to Volume I in the Library edition of Whittier's Poems, 1888.

ler and his fall. It has many curious cuts depicting the Quakers, and Nayler, in particular, and also the various heretics, their evil deeds and punishments. It is not recorded in Smith's Catalogue of "Anti-Quakeriana." Of those listed by Smith the library possesses about three hundred titles.

There are a number of "Association books," a volume from the library of Sir John Rodes,[11] the friend of William Penn, with Sir John's autograph; a volume with James Logan's book-plate and autograph, which afterwards was the property of Samuel Emlen (1730-1799); many volumes from the library of Stephen Grellet, several from that of Moses Brown and Isaac Norris, single volumes formerly belonging to William Meade, the son-in-law of Margaret Fell, and companion of William Penn in the great trial, Anthony Benezet, Lindley Murray, and others.

The whole collection numbers about 7,000 volumes.

ALLEN C. THOMAS.

GENERAL JACOB BROWN *NOT* "A FIGHTING QUAKER."

In a recent number of the BULLETIN (Vol. 8, 108-110) it was shown that the claim of Horace M. Lippincott, made on more than one occasion, that Generals Greene and Mifflin, of the American Revolution, and Jacob Brown, of the War of 1812, were "Fighting Quakers" was untenable as to the first two, as they were disowned for entering into military service; and improbable as to Jacob Brown.

After considerable personal research, and with some assistance, the complete record of Jacob Brown as a Quaker has been ascertained. He was originally a member of Falls Monthly Meeting, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. In the records of that meeting, under date of 3rd month 4th, 1795, is the following entry: "The Falls [Preparative Meeting] report that Jacob

[11] See "A Quaker Post Bag," 1910; Journal of Thomas Story, 1747, pp. 90, 465, 684.

Brown requests a Certificate to Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, New Jersey." Again: 4th month 8, 1795. "The friends appointed to prepare a certificate for Jacob Brown, produced one which was read, and with a small alteration, approved, and signed by the Clerk; his father is appointed to convey it to him." It might be noted that the young man was at this time twenty years of age.

A search of the records of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, which was held at or near Crosswicks, New Jersey, not far from Trenton, reveals the following: "First month 2d, 1798, Chesterfield Preparative Meeting informs that Jacob Brown requests a certificate of Removal to Monthly Meeting of New York. Joshua Bunting and Jacob Middleton were appointed to make the necessary inquiry, and if nothing appears to obstruct, to prepare one for the approbation of next meeting." "Second month 6th, 1798. Jacob Brown had a certificate of removal granted to the Monthly Meeting of New York."

Thus far Jacob Brown was a member in good standing. Following a residence in New York City for a few months, he went, in 1799, to the extreme northeastern part of New York State, and started a successful settlement now known as Brownville. Here he was far from any Friends' Meeting.[1]

Jacob Brown's name appears on the records of New York Monthly Meeting as having a certificate from Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, as above, but does not again appear until 3rd month 2, 1803, when New York Preparative Meeting "informs that Jacob Brown removed some time since to the northern part of this State, remote from any Meeting of Friends, with informa-

[1] It is interesting that in the Minutes of Falls Meeting the following Minute occurs: "11th month 3, 1802. Samuel Brown and family having some time past removed from us, and settled at Brownsville [sic] within about forty miles of Adolphus Town Monthly Meeting, Canada, and it being thought right they should be under the care of Friends living more contiguous," etc. "A committee was appointed to prepare a certificate of removal." This was granted 2d month 9, 1803, to Samuel Brown and Abi, his wife, and their five children, Samuel, Hannah, William, Abi, and Joseph.

tion that he has gone out in Marriage to one not in membership with us, and that he has also been engaged in endeavoring to promote a Lottery." [2] The committee appointed to look into the matter received a reply to their letter, in which he admitted the two offences, and added that he acted as a commissioner to distribute the funds derived from the lottery. He was *disowned* 4th month 4, 1804.

This is conclusive that Jacob Brown was not a member at the time of the War of 1812, and this fact also coincides with information from one of his descendants that the family tradition is, that he was disowned for "marrying out." So Jacob Brown was *not* "A Fighting Quaker."

WILLIAM PENN'S "NO CROSS, NO CROWN."

It has been thought that possibly William Penn may have had the title of his celebrated book, "No Cross, No Crown," suggested to him by the following couplet from Francis Quarles's poem, "Hadassa, the History of Queene Ester" (1621):

> "The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
> And he that has no cross, deserves no crown."

Quarles died in 1644, the year of Penn's birth, and his works were at their height of popularity when Penn was a young man.

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[2] It should be remembered that at this period Friends were almost the only ones who objected to lotteries. Princeton College in 1763 raised funds by means of a lottery, and the Washington Monument in Baltimore, Maryland, was built with funds chiefly raised in this manner. Mary Russell Mitford tells us that on her tenth birthday (1797) her father took her to a lottery office and told her to choose a ticket out of those offered, and she chose one with the number 2224. There being some difficulty raised about this particular ticket, she was asked to choose another, but with childish pertinacity, insisted that that and that only would she choose. On being pressed to tell why, she replied that the figures on that ticket added up *ten*, and it was her tenth birthday. So the ticket was bought, and, strange to say, drew a prize of £20,000, which in a few years her spendthrift father ran through.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO FRIENDS.

The Personality of George Fox. By A. Neave Brayshaw, B.A., LL.B. . . . With an introduction by Herbert G. Wood, M.A. . . . Published for the Friends' Historical Society by Headley Brothers, Ltd., London; Friends' Book and Tract Committee, 144 East Twentieth Street, New York, Grace W. Blair, Media, Pa., 8½ x 5½ in., pp. xii, 92. 1s. 50 cents postpaid.

This short treatise or monograph has been eagerly looked for by students of George Fox's life and character, and they will not be disappointed. It shows clearly that it is the fruit of extensive reading, careful weighing of evidence, and sympathetic yet remarkably impartial judgment. No thoughtful reader, or any student, will think, as the author seems to fear, that he has "overloaded" his volume with "references and notes." There is no need for any apology. The author says, wisely: "This work is intended to be a picture of the man George Fox, not a consecutive account of his life nor an exposition of his teaching."

A thoroughly satisfactory "Life" of Fox has yet to be written. The longest, that by Janney, is biased, and now antiquated; and others are unsatisfactory in many ways. Of the shorter accounts, that by the late Thomas Hodgkin, was written before much of great value and interest had come to light; while several excellent sketches make no claim to be a "Life."

In the monograph before us, though not a "Life," in the words of the "Introduction" by Herbert G. Wood, "We become acquainted with him [Fox] in his rugged vigor and homespun simplicity as we read some of those illuminating touches found in the original sources which of late years have been opened up." No one who wishes really to *know* Fox can afford to miss this volume.

Besides the "Introduction," there are "Abbreviations and Bibliography," a valuable "Chronological Table of Fox's Life;" Appendices on "Portraits of Fox;" "Remarkable Cures by Fox;" "George Fox's Spelling;" "Addenda;" and an "Index," which might have been somewhat fuller. Slight typographical errors or slips occur on p. 21, l. 4; p. 29, l. 11; p. 47, ll. 3-8.

The author is to be congratulated on producing a work indispensable to the student of Quaker history.

The Human Needs of Labor. By B. Seebohm Rowntree. . . . Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., London, Edinburgh and New York [1918], 5 x 7½ in., pp. 168.

This small book is by one of the great authorities on Labor, Poverty, and Wages. He is not only a theorist, but a practical investigator,

and, as a member of the great cocoa firm of Rowntrees in York, England, a large employer of labor himself. Though in matters of detail the book is hardly suited to American conditions, the principles underlying the work, and its suggestions are well worthy the thoughtful consideration of all Americans interested in this most important matter. The American workman would hardly be satisfied with the minimum Dietary suggested, or what is considered would be the *minimum wage* "after the war," which is estimated at 44s. per week for men and 25s. for women. A distinction made at the beginning of the book is worth quoting. "In discussing the principles on which minimum wages should be fixed we should draw a clear distinction between *minimum* wages and wages above the minimum. The former should be determined primarily by human needs, the latter by the market value of the services rendered."

Friends' Quarterly Examiner, Tenth month, 1918, and First month, 1919.

These two numbers have come to hand since the last issue of the BULLETIN. As is natural, their contents relate mostly to current and possible future events, and there is very much of interest concerning these fields. In the number for Tenth month there is a paper by John E. Southall on Morgan Llwd (1619?-1659) (Morgan Floyd or Lloyd, for he goes by all those names). He was an able Welshman, a historian, preacher and poet. "He was an earnest and eloquent preacher, and in a considerable degree inclined towards Quakerism though remaining among the Independents."[1] In the number for First month Anna L. Littleboy has an interesting paper, "Quaker Embassies a Century Ago," referring specially to the visits of Quakers to the Continent. Among those mentioned are Elizabeth Robson, Elizabeth Fry, Stephen Grellet, William Allen and Thomas Shillitoe.

Annual Monitor for 1918. From October 1, 1916, to September 30, 1917. John Bellows, Eastgate, Gloucester, 1917 [1918?]. 3½ x 5½ in., pp. xi, 174. 2s.

This annual, this being its one hundred and sixth number, resembles previous issues in almost all essentials except two: first, the larger number whose death was directly caused by the war, the number being fifty-three as against about thirty in the previous year, most of whom are reported as "killed in action;" second, largely as the result of the former, the reduction of the average age at death which was 63 years as against 66½ years in 1914-1915.

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[1] Norris, *John Ap. John,* 1907, p. 4; *Journal of George Fox,* Cambridge edition, 1,422.

The longest, and to Americans, probably the most interesting memoir is that of Isaac Sharp, the late Recording Secretary of English Friends. There are other memoirs well worthy of perusal, such as Daniel Oliver of Kew Gardens; John William Steel, William R. Nash and Joseph Firth Clark, which show how deeply religious men can take an active and influential part in civil, scientific and municipal life. There are sixteen portraits. What appears to be a typographical error, strange in an establishment like that of Bellows, gives the date of publication as 1917, though the preface stating it is the issue for 1918, is dated *October, 1918.*

The World Within. By Rufus M. Jones, M.A., Litt.D., New York, The Macmillan Co., 1918. 5 x 7½ in., pp. xii, 172. $1.

This volume is written in the clear and attractive style which we have come to expect in works by this author. Some of the chapters have appeared in the columns of *The Friend* (London), and have been read there; those who have heard the author will recognize other portions in slightly different form, but all will welcome the book. It is to be highly commended as meeting not a few present needs, and being alive to present issues.

On Two Fronts. By T. Corder Catchpool. Edited by his sister, with a foreword by J. Rendel Harris. Headley Bros., London, 1918. 4¼ x 7 in., pp. 176. Paper, 2s.; 95 cents, postpaid, N. Y. Book and Tract Committee, 144 East Twentieth Street, New York.

This little book, though published as long ago as Seventh month, 1918, has only just been allowed by the censor to be exported from Great Britain, at which those who read it will scarcely wonder.

The volume consists of two parts, (1) the experiences of the author as a member of the F. A. U. (Friends' Ambulance Unit) as related in letters to his sister ("9th November, 1914," to "14th May, 1916"), and (2) his experiences as an absolute Conscientious Objector in England, with accounts of four courts-martial and his sentences.

It should be said in explanation that the author served eighteen months in the F. A. U. with great distinction, but came to feel that owing to the Conscription Act the unit was "in effect a conscript unit . . . the iron hand lurking in the background" (p. 107). Under such circumstances he wrote: "I am clear that the time has come for me to resign" (p. 108). He did so; his exemption was withdrawn, and he was four times court-martialed and condemned to imprisonment at hard labor. The last sentence (Fourth month 1, 1918) was eighteen months at hard labor in Ipswich civil prison. *The Friend* (London) of 31st of First month, 1919, reports him as still undergoing his sentence. It should be noted that at the last trial he wore his "Mons Ribbon, which had

been awarded him by the *War Office* in recognition of his work with the F. A. U. in 1914!"

Those who wish to learn what the work of an ambulance unit was, told in a lively interesting manner—or read a graphic account of a great battle (the second battle of Ypres) in a manner far better than most newspaper correspondents and absolutely truthful; or wish to understand the position of a Conscientious Objector of the highest type—should not fail to secure this little book. It is one of the "war books" which will have permanent value. The author's position is indicated by the following statements: "I am not concerned to secure exemption from military service, but to bear witness to the Truth as it is revealed to me." "I have little desire for my own safety and comfort when hundreds of thousands of my fellow-men of all nations are laying down their lives. . . . I understand and honor those, my comrades, who have enlisted in the army to fight, as they believe, for the right. The greatest sacrifice I have ever made is to withhold from sharing with them their sublime surrender" (p. 109).

Those who have had the privilege of personal acquaintance with Corder Catchpool, much as his character was appreciated, did not realize its depth, its beauty and its courage.

The Next Step in Social and Industrial Reconstruction, being Papers prepared for Meetings of the Committee on War and the Social Order (appointed by London Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends), together with Minutes recording the considered Views of the Committee and a short Bibliography. London, Headley Bros [1918]. 1s. net. 5¼ x 8¾ in., pp. 104. 55 cents postpaid.

It is to be regretted that the Committee under whose auspices this collection of papers has been issued did not place upon the title-page a disclaimer of being responsible for the opinions expressed by individual writers as well as giving that information in the "Foreword." It is to be feared that some rather hasty readers may not recognize this fact, and will hold the Committee in some degree as putting its *imprimatur* on the very extreme, impracticable views expressed by some of the contributors, who seem to see little difference between the "next *step*" and a long *jump*, or between *reconstruction* and *destruction*. The Editor well remarks, "It is quite evident that we are far from being able to make any final and generally acceptable pronouncement" (p. 10).

The first Essay, "The Next Step," by J. Edward Hodgkin, is in some degree a review of those which follow. It is a well-balanced, thoughtful and suggestive paper.

Curiously enough there is no date given either on the title page or in the "Foreword" to indicate time of issue.

The Return of "the Mayflower." An Interlude. By Rendel Harris, Manchester. At the University Press, Longmans, Green and Company, London, New York, etc., 1919. 6 x 9 in., pp. vi, 37. Two illustrations; one Hymn, and one Psalm with Musical Notes.

What shall we call this little book—*a jeu d'esprit?* for it certainly is a play of wit—or a serious production? In it the past and present *both* unite beneath Time's flowing tide. It would be a good test of one's general reading to verify all allusions, and place all quotations and adaptations.

The author has rarely ever let his fancy roam quite so far afield, as in this Interlude, as he calls it; every page is characteristic. Those who have the wit to read beneath the surface will find a purpose high and true.

Chiltorn in the Preface should be Chilton.

The Founders: Portraits of Persons Born abroad who came to the Colonies before the Year 1701, with an Introduction, Biographical Outlines, and Comments. By Charles Knowles Bolton. Two volumes. Boston: The Boston Athenæum, 1919, 6 x 9 in., pp. vii, 690 (paged continuously). $12.00.

In these handsome volumes there are several portraits of interest to Friends, as well as the sketches of the subjects and the comments on the portraits themselves. The editor gives two portraits of Hannah Penn, making one the frontispiece of the first volume. He says of this: "The reader may well ask why Hannah Penn's face is opposite the title-page of this book, when she was for so short a time in America. There is but one answer: We like her face and we admire her brave spirit" (p. 286). Probably most of the readers of the BULLETIN will agree with his opinion. Other Quaker portraits are, James Logan, Isaac Norris and Mrs. Mary (Lloyd) Norris, William Penn (the armor portrait), Samuel Carpenter, William Coddington (probably *not* the first Coddington), Edward Shippen (of doubtful authenticity), and George Keith. Of this last portrait there is a most interesting account which gives a good idea of the method and care which the author has taken to verify his work and the portraits under consideration. In this study of Keith's portrait he gives generous credit to the aid furnished by Norman Penney, of Friends' Reference Library, Devonshire House, London, and to the editor of the BULLETIN.

Other portraits specially interesting to Friends are those of John Endecott and Edward Rawson, who figure so largely in Bishop's "New England Judged" as persecutors of the Quakers in Boston, and of Sir William Berkeley, of Virginia, who was so "peevish and brittle" towards William Edmundson. (*Journal*, p. 60.)

The mechanical execution of the volumes and of the portraits is excellent.

NOTES AND QUERIES

ORIGIN OF THE NAME "NINE PARTNERS."—The name Nine Partners is said in the History of "Duchess" County, 1682-1882, to have been applied to a large tract of land rather centrally located in the present county, which was purchased from the crown by a co-partnership of the following nine men in 1697, viz.: Caleb Heathcote, Augustus Graham, James Emmott, Henry Filkins, David Jamison, Hendryck Ten Eyck, John Aaretson, William Creed and Jarvis Marshall. Thus the name was applied to a section of country, as the Oblong Patent and Oswego Patent gave names to others. The record of the establishment of a Friends' meeting here has not been found. Settlement was slow at first, but very rapid after 1750, so probably about that time the meeting was set up and took the name then held by its location. As a locality the name went out with the founding of the Town of Washington in 1788, but the Boarding School adopted the name of the meeting about 1796. The meetings — Quarterly and Monthly— have continued its use, and a few years ago the Nine Partners Burial Ground Association purchased of the remnant of the "Hicksite" Friends the old meeting-house and burial ground to be kept in good order perpetually. The name is much esteemed by the city dwellers and one of the streets they have named Nine Partners Lane.

A. FRANKLIN SWIFT.

Millbrook, N. Y., Tenth month 20, 1918.

NOTICES OF WHITTIER. — In the third volume of The Cambridge History of American Literature (Putnams), just published, there is an appreciative chapter on Whittier by William Morton Payne, who awards him high praise. There is a bibliography of sixteen pages, which is probably one of the fullest of Whittier that has been made. It is the work of Frank Humphrey Ristine.

In the "Early Years of the Saturday Club (1855-1870)," Edward W. Emerson, Editor, Boston, 1918, there is another appreciative notice (8 pages) of Whittier by Bliss Perry; also a portrait.

"DEATH OF OLDEST QUAKER PREACHER."—"Rich in years and beloved by the entire community, 'Aunt' Mary Goddard, the oldest person in Maine and the oldest Quaker preacher in the world, died on January 23, 1919, says a Brunswick dispatch to the Boston *Globe*. She would have been 109 years old had she lived to March 10.

"Mrs. Goddard had apparently been enjoying good health this

winter, but on Monday contracted a cold and began to fail rapidly.

"She was a minister of the Friends' Church and preached regularly every Sunday at the Friends' Meeting House in Durham until she was more than 100 years old. She was born in South Durham and preached at Sandwich, N. H., for a number of years."

Another Centenarian Quaker Preacher. — The above record was almost reached by another Quaker preacher, a member of London Yearly Meeting, who died in 1901. Elizabeth (Sanderson) Hanbury was born Sixth month 9, 1793, and died Tenth month 10, 1901, aged 108 years and four months. Mary Goddard, at the time of her death, was six months older, which makes her the oldest Quaker preacher on record.

Both retained their faculties in a remarkable degree. Elizabeth Hanbury a few weeks before her 108th birthday composed and dictated the following versified message to London Yearly Meeting, which appears in the Minutes of that year, "Desiring that those who have upheld the faith in times long past might be kept in mind and their example followed."

"Fox, Penn, Woolman, Allen,
Grellet and Gurney,
And many more of faith the same,
Made mortal life a heavenward journey,
Eternal happiness their aim.

"Saved by the power of Jesus
And by his mercy blest,
Whose love from guilt releases,
And gives eternal rest.

"No power of language can express
The gratitude to God we owe,
For all the blessings in excess
That from Divine Redemption flow."

"Tryal of William Penn."— Marshall, Jones Co., of Boston, announce for publication during the present spring "The Tryal of William Penn and William for Causing a Tumult," edited by Don C. Seitz, "the material for which has been brought together from newspapers and pamphlets of the time."

An Incident in George Fox's Travels, 1657. — "And the next day we passed from thence [through Tenby] into Flintshire and sounded the day of the Lord through the towns, and came into Wrexham at night, where many of Floyd's [Morgan Lloyd] people came to us, but very rude and wild and airy they were, and little sense of truth they had, yet was some convinced in the town; and the next morning there was a Lady sent for me, and she had a teacher at her house. And they was both very light and airy people, and was too light to receive the weighty things of God; and in her lightness she came and asked me whether she should cut my hair. And I was moved to

reprove her, and bid her cut down the corruptions in her with the sword of the Spirit of God. And so after I had admonished her, we passed away; and after[wards] she made her boast in her frothy mind that she came behind me and cut off a lock of my hair, which was a lie." *Journal,* Cambridge edition, 1,284,285. Spelling modernized.

JOURNAL OF THE FRIENDS' HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The last number of this "*Journal*" which has reached us is number 3 of volume 15. As usual, there is a great deal of interest, many of the brief notices being not the least important. The principal paper is the continuation of that on Jean de Marsillac by the Editor, Norman Penney, which increases in interest.

MILITARY TRAINING IN 1687.—"Taken from John Bowne for his son Samuel not training, two sheep by John Harrison, the 3rd of the Seventh month, 1687, worth £1.0.0." From *Eccl. Records, State of New York,* 2, 98.

This is the Samuel Bowne a number of whose letters with letters of his wife were recently published in the BULLETIN.

JOURNAL OF PETER ANDREWS (1707-1750).—John Woolman, in his "Journal" under years 1746, 1747, speaks of this Friend as "my beloved friend and neighbor." He was companion to John Woolman in at least two religious journeys, the first in New Jersey, covering three hundred and forty miles; the second to New England, covering about fifteen hundred miles, and having "sailed about one hundred and fifty!" In a notice of Peter Andrews, John Smith, of Burlington, New Jersey (d. 1771), states that he consulted the Journal of Peter Andrews, and quotes from it. Does any reader know whether this Journal is still in existence, and if so, in whose hands? See Woolman's *Journal,* New Century edition, pp. 61-64.

AN UNUSUAL DECLINATION.—When Joseph Firth Clark (a Friend) was Mayor of Doncaster, England (1908), he received an official invitation to meet King Edward VII on the race-course after the great race of the day had been run. To the astonishment of many, and the sorrow or anger of others, he respectfully *declined* the invitation. He thus wrote: "It would indeed have been a great honor, which I should have looked upon all my life with the greatest satisfaction, as I have a profound respect and regard for our most gracious King, whom I desire to honor in every way as one of his most loyal subjects. Though I have lived in Doncaster all my life, I have never once attended the races, and did not therefore feel that I could consistently break through the rule even for so great an honor." *Annual Monitor,* 1918, p. 37.

Our Friend, B. Seebohm Rowntree, has a valuable paper in the *Contemporary* for January, 1919, on "Prospects and Tasks for Social Reconstruction."

Dr. John Rickman is given the leading place in the *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1919, for his paper on "Commonplaces in Buzuluk." Buzuluk is a city in the province of Samara, southern Russia, almost exactly north of the Caspian.

Amelia E. Barr, the novelist, died March 11, 1919, within a few weeks of her 88th birthday. She will be remembered as the author of "Friend Olivia," an interesting story of the times of George Fox. In this she gives a very sympathetic picture of the early Friends near Ulverston, in which George Fox is introduced. As she herself was born and lived in early life near Ulverston her details are accurate. She makes Fox too old, however, for at the supposed date of the story he could not have been over thirty-four. She was a prolific author, having written upwards of eighty volumes.

Henry J. Cadbury, of Haverford, has an informing and convincing paper in the "Journal of Biblical Literature," vol. 37, i-ii (1918), pp. 29, on "The Basis of Early Christian Anti-Militarism," with many quotations.

Whittier Not a War-Poet.—"The term 'war-poet'—especially that of 'Quaker War-Poet'—is a misnomer, and in my case, I have never written a poem in favor or in praise of war. If possible, strike out the phrase, as I do not wish to be represented as false to my life-long principles."—From a letter of Whittier's to John J. Piatt, dated Amesbury, Dec. 7, 1878, enclosing a clipping from the *New York Evening Post*, and objecting to a term there applied tc him.

John Scott of Amwell.—In "The English Village," an attractive "Literary Study" by Julia Patton, Ph.D., recently (1919) published by the Macmillan Co., there is a somewhat extended notice (pp. 102-104) of the Quaker poet of the eighteenth century, John Scott of Amwell. The poem upon which most attention is bestowed is that descriptive of the village which he loved and from which his usual appellation is derived—Amwell in Hertfordshire on the river Lea about four miles from the town of Hertford. A re-perusal of this poem, after many years, confirms the favorable notice by the present critic of this old, quiet, half-forgotten poem. A greater contrast to much of the verse of this day, especially the *vers libre*, it would be hard to find.

In "A History of the Penal, Reformatory, and Correctional Institutions of the State of New Jersey, Analytical and Documentary, by Harry Elmer Barnes"

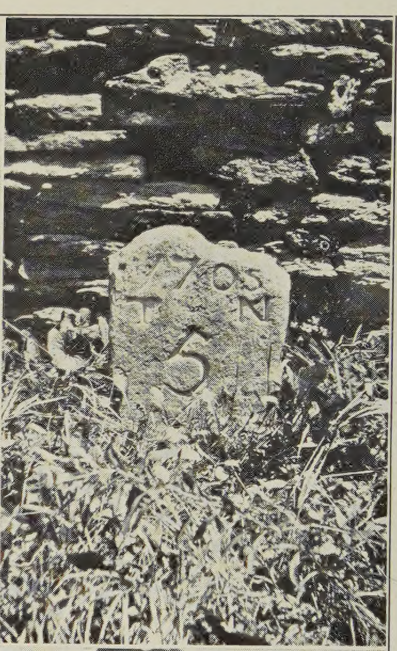
. . . (Trenton, MacCrellish & Quigley Co., 1918, pp. 655), will be found an account of the "Quaker system of work-house imprisonment, for punishment, reformation, and instruction in industry."

"The penal system of East Jersey provided only a county jail system, under control of the sheriff, for detention rather than punishment or reformation; but the Quakers of West Jersey undertook to establish a prison system, having as its basis the work-house, with a view both to punishment and reformation. The work-house system first found concrete development in the Middlesex County work-house in 1768."

ANECDOTE OF WARNER MIFFLIN. —"The battle of Germantown (Oct. 4, 1777) happened on the day of the Yearly Meeting of the Quakers, in Philadelphia. In the time of the battle, these friends of peace were engaged in prayer, that Divine protection might be granted to the city and the people; and in preparing to renew their testimony against the spirit of war. While James Thornton was writing their Testimony, the cannon shook the house where they were assembled, and the air was darkened by the smoke of the guns. Warner Mifflin (1745-1798) undertook the service of communicating the Testimony to General Washington and General Howe. To perform this duty he had to walk in blood, and among the dead bodies of those who had fallen in battle. He performed the service with great freedom and intrepidity. In the conversation with General Washington, he said expressly, 'I am opposed to the revolution, and to all changes of government which occasion war and bloodshed.'" — From Comly's "Friends' Miscellany," Vol. 221, 222.

"LAY RELIGION."—"Lay Religion," by Henry T. Hodgkin, M.A., M.B. Cantab. London, Headley Bros, 1919, 5 x 7½ in., pp. 226. 3s. 6d. $1.50. This volume has come to hand too late for an extended review in the proper place. It is the first of a new series entitled, "The Christian Revolution." The prospectus says, "These books are written under the persuasion that only a religious solution is adequate to the world's need, and that only upon the principles for which Jesus of Nazareth stands in history can the world be fashioned to heart's desire." The work is written in a non-controversial, and yet an uncompromising spirit, and it deserves to be commended to the thoughtful attention of those who face the momentous issues of to-day with a desire to do their part in placing human society on a solid foundation.

1



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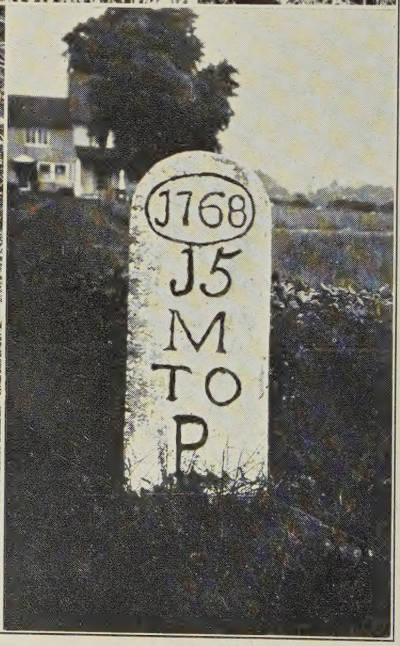

4

1. William Penn stone on Haverford Road near City Line.
3. Lawrence Growden's 13th stone on Bensalem Road.

2. Thomas Nossiter's stone in front of Providence Meeting.
4. J. stone on Bethlehem Road near Ambler.